

"Nightie Night," at the Princess Theatre



"The Rose of China," at the Lyric Theatre



"Greenwich Village Follies," at Nora Bayes Theatre



## Aphrodite Sticks to Her Pedestal Now, But More Tights Are Needed on Broadway

The Century Reform Suggests Other Fields for Mayor's Activities.

By Charles Darnton.

**A**FTER a second look at "Aphrodite" I respectfully report: The discreet goddess no longer steps from her pedestal and

ambles over to the couch of her dream-tortured worshipper, the tired sculptor. She stays where she was put, and content herself—poor marble snuff—with eating plaintively, "Demetrios! Demetrios!"

This is the only notable change in the performance at the Century Theatre. Our inspired Mayor has done something, at least, in the way of regulating traffic. Any one who

can keep anybody still—that is, inactive—in New York for a minute or two without blowing a police whistle may count himself a superman. Children play the game in backyards—and I must say it's a good game

—but the Mayor would have to do more than that.

But if the Mayor really wants to

regulate the theatre in the interests of morality, he would be doing it a good turn by directing his attention to the "musical shows" along Broadway that offer a brazen display of bare-legged women. These women should be ordered by the Police Department to wear tights. Ten or fifteen years ago tights were the rule—and this rule should be enforced today. Theatrical managers who try to make a bad show look like a good one merely by having chorus girls

walk out in their own skins ought to

be ashamed of themselves, if they can take history for what it is worth.

As for the dancing, the "Macchabees"

is a beautiful song, nothing more.

The stage today may be making more of the past than it was worth.

The greatest jinx on the season is

felt when "Alexandria" is sung by a fat, balding, middle-aged man in an orchestra that seems to be intent upon Alexander's Rustic Band.

Anyway, everything's quiet along

the Century Theatre line, and

"Aphrodite" is as white as she's painted.

er because Shylock was taken seriously and did not get me a laugh. I am determined that before long people will begin to look at me like King Lear. Oh, "Mr. Bernard, you seem so much younger than Shylock." I am trying to arrange with Mr. Woods some matinee performances of these characters at the Bijou Theatre in the spring. In the contrary to the opinion of the jokesters, I shall not play them in dialect.

Appeared as Shylock Once and the Critics Liked His Performance.

By Barney Bernard.

In "His Honor, Abe Potash," FIVE years ago I lost my identity. I ceased to be Barney Bernard and became Abe Potash. This transformation happened not only in my relations with the general public, but even in those with my friends. People began to get me mixed up. Strangers whom I met for the first time and who had seen Abe Potash on the stage, used to say to me, "Why, Mr. Bernard, you don't look at all like Abe Potash." I began to feel that Barney Bernard was something of an intrusion on Abe Potash.

While I am extremely flattered at my success in the role, I cannot help being a bit annoyed at these limitations which were so nearly imposed upon me from without. I believe I can do other things and at any time sever my connections with Abe Potash.

When, some weeks ago, the report was printed in the newspapers that I intended to play King Lear some time, the announcement was humorously received. My ardent admirers failed to make it the subject of a merry jest. And yet when I was twenty-three years old I played Shylock at Fisher's Theatre, San Francisco, and the critics said I played it well. I admit that I was young enough then to feel disappointed.

AMUSEMENTS.

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